

Last Week's Opera Scores Big Success

Varsity Glee Club Scores Success in Bohemian Girl

Plays Two Nights to Capacity Houses—Much Credit Coming to Principals and Directors

By Jim Binney

Before a capacity house the University Glee Club and Students' Orchestra put over a great show Friday evening, when the annual opera was on the boards. The bill, Balfie's "The Bohemian Girl," was enthusiastically received by a very sympathetic audience whose well earned applause frequently punctuated the proceedings. The orchestration was especially deserving of the highest praise, while the singing was really excellent. The music was throughout most intriguing—never actually catchy in the sense that Arthur Sullivan's music is catchy—but most intriguing.

The overture, magnificently played, was a fitting introduction to the series of beautiful choruses and solos that were to follow, and it might here be mentioned that the admirable punctuality in starting must have put the house in a very good mood as a commencement.

Speaking generally, then, we say that the musical part of the show could hardly have been bettered, and it therefore seemed to us a pity that this should have been marred in several places by obviously faulty stage direction and an unhappy inability on the part of several of the principals to co-ordinate acting and singing both in spirit and movement. The singing of the chorus was a real treat, and their convolutions were carried out with as much success as could be expected under very trying circumstances. In all there were forty-two members in this chorus, a truly ambitious number from a point of view of the acquisition of smooth movement in very limited space. The use of an outside choir seems to suggest itself as a solution to the problems which clearly faced the directorate in this connection. On a shallow stage mob movement can be easily portrayed by a very much smaller number of persons than was utilized Friday night. The volume of sound required would be satisfactorily supplied by the outside choir and the adjustment of the number of individuals employed would be rendered unnecessary by casting some of them as the gypsies and the remainder as the huntsmen or the courtiers.

Act I, Scene 1, opened with a brilliant chorus, and the introduction to the audience of several of the principals. We liked Miss Shirley d'Alton, whose performance was polished and very convincing, for, al-

though it was undoubtedly within her to make her dumb part an extremely noisy one, she maintained a most reassuring equanimity to the end. We were heartily stirred by the voice of Mr. Ed. Nepstad as "Thaddeus," but the nature of his first entry was most unfortunate. It tended most distinctly to "stagey-ness," was unnatural and, in view of later events, was technically incorrect. Having heard his announcement to the effect that a guard of Austrian soldiers was on his track, we were naturally looking for the entrance of these from the same side as had seen his arrival, when, to our utter surprise, they marched on from the opposite direction. After hearing some marvellous singing from this character, we were once more brought down to earth with a nasty jolt by yet another example of palpably poor "business," which included a succession of inexplicable runnings hither and thither, these again falling to the lot of the unlucky "Thaddeus," who earned a laugh instead of a gasp from his audience. We were, however, immediately impressed by the wonderful performance given by Gordon Sprague as "Devilshoof" and Cyril Pyrcz as "Florestein." Both co-ordinated singing and acting in an exemplarily effortless manner and both attained the peak of success in each department. We were disappointed in the military, who allowed two civilians to struggle with the ferocious "Devilshoof" while they merely embellished the general setting with their presence or, as in the case of the Captain, found themselves fully occupied in manoeuvring so as to avoid becoming involved in the conflict.

Act II commenced with a most delightful chorus enclosed in a rather unconvincing set. The lighting was excellent, but the elements of the stage were distinctly heterogeneous. Once more Mr. Sprague came back with some great work and once more Mr. Pyrcz did likewise. We heard criticisms of Mr. Pyrcz's performance at this juncture, but, as far as we could understand, they were the outcome of a blissful ignorance of the state of mind he was endeavouring to so successfully portray. In this scene, too, we were introduced to the Queen of the Gypsies (Anne Bowstead), a character who, to us at any rate, put over one hundred per-

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MILLAR SPEAKS ON AERIAL SURVEYING

Outlines Advantages of This Branch of Surveying in Canada to Engineering Club

Dealing with a new phase of surveying work, Frank Millar gave a very interesting paper on "Aerial Surveying," before the Engineering Society Friday last.

Mapping by means of photographs taken from the air is peculiarly suited to much of the present unmapped portions of Canada, which have remained so mainly because of their inaccessibility from the ground. Muskeg, lake, bush and forest, mountain and icefield, are all one to the plane. The one requirement needful for success is clearness of atmosphere, such that the horizon can be found on each picture. This applied particularly to where the surveying is done by oblique method.

Where the country is mountainous it is usually necessary to take the photographs vertically and fly the plane at a much higher level than for the oblique method. This system requires more flying to cover the same area, but does not depend on the horizon being visible.

The speed at which the photographs are taken is such that there is a good deal of overlap between succeeding pictures. This makes it easier to co-ordinate the pictures in the office, and enables the mapper to figure out elevations by means of special apparatus.

President Menzies, at the close of the paper, brought to the attention of the members of the society that election of officers for the coming year would shortly be in order.

IN ACTION SATURDAY



"WILD" BILL SHANDRO

Whose stalwarts do battle with Saskatchewan on Saturday and Monday, the winner to play B.C. next week for the Rigby trophy. Bill will be on the floor for us, so watch him.

Toronto "Varsity" in Hot Water Again--Atheism is Nucleus of Present Trouble

Interest Widespread Enough to Draw Comments From Many Sources—Article in "Varsity" Suggested Majority of Students to be Atheists

The Toronto "Varsity" seems to have the faculty of keeping in hot water most of the time. The latest struggle between the Board of Governors and the student newspaper has been given wide publicity in the local dailies, and interest is so widespread that even Arthur Brisbane, well known columnist, considered it his duty to comfort all and sundry by telling them that there was nothing startling in the statement that undergraduates were atheists, since their "half-baked" ideas were the result of immature judgment from a few superficial facts.

The Canadian Press wire on Tuesday carried the text of the editorial written by A. E. Allen and the cause of the furore. It runs as follows:

"The Rev. Dr. Gibson, Presbyterian divine of this city, believes that atheism is being taught at the University of Toronto. If by that he means that the teaching in a good many of the courses here is of such a type as to result in a practical atheism on the part of the students, he is probably right."

"The student—particularly the student in philosophy, psychology or the pure sciences—is an individual who goes in for considerably more than his fair share of attention from sermonizing divines and well-meaning viewers-with-alarm. It is unfortunate, because it serves to make the student even more self-conscious than nature has already made him—and God knows there is no more self-conscious organism in the world than your University student. From a delicious feeling of naughtiness in the first stages of discovering that the Divinity was not all that one had been led to suppose and that there was perhaps not much more than a certain engaging naïveté about some of the stories on which one had been weaned, the psycho-scientific undergraduate proceeds to a condition of glassy sophistication in which he defies all the forces of purity and light to show wherein the psycho-scientific student does not stand peerless and alone in a world of silly shopgirls and petrified crones who attend religious services."

"The students of one of our colleges of theology have forwarded a letter, we are told, to the Rev. Dr. Gibson, protesting against his alleged insinuations that our students of theology are not quite so faithful to the old-time religion as they might be. We fail to see why these gentlemen should protest. If they were quite honest, they would be willing to admit that the majority of graduates in Arts are practical atheists, and that this includes a large percentage of the students in theology. This is not an indictment on our part; it is a simple, straightforward statement of fact. If it is not by this time realized that the number of people in contemporary society who possess anything remotely approaching personal experimental belief in a Deity is extremely small, it is about time it was realized. The divines who are most popular are those charming, engaging persons who read literary essays on Sunday and spend the week upholding the dignity of the church and trying to form a synthesis between St. Paul, Thomas Huxley and Sir James Jeans. And, while a large percentage of university graduates never see the inside of a church from one year's end to the other, most of those who do go are there either for an aesthetic thrill or to preserve their status in the respectable society whose bridge games they attend, and from whom they hope to derive monetary gain during the week. It is all very nice, but it is atheism."

"We still hear a bit of the amazing sophistry that 'there are no atheists—there are agnostics.' The theological students who protest against Dr. Gibson's remarks will probably reserve the right of a thinking man—even if he be a theologian—in a tentative position of agnosticism without being branded as an atheist. The obvious reply to that is that agnosticism presupposes an element of intellectual questioning or doubt which simply does not emerge from four years' exposure to most of the liberal arts' courses. Much may be implied in the B.A., the M.A., or even the B.D.—but doubt, we venture to suggest, is not one of the implications. If we have ceased to believe in a Divine Being, if the basic canons of our major monotheistic religions have ceased to have any personal application to us, let us stop enrolling ourselves under such bastard classifications as liberal believers and modernistic deists, and let us admit that we are—after all—atheists. It is a cleaner, healthier condition."

A zealous member of the Ontario Legislature brought the matter to the attention of the Henry Government soon after the circulation of the

editorial, demanding that the Government look into the matter. Premier Henry refused, stating that he had all faith in the Board of Governors of the University and their ability to take care of the situation. Premier Henry did not state his opinion on the subject, so we have no way of knowing whether they have vindicated his judgment or not, but on Thursday afternoon the Board of Governors passed unanimously the following resolution:

"... that this board unanimously repudiates the article appearing in 'The Varsity' of the 24th of February, suggesting that the students of the University and the majority of the graduates are largely atheistic and that the professors and staff are teaching atheism to the students; which statements are entirely contrary to the facts and totally misrepresent the University, its staff and the student body."

Canon H. J. Cody, Chairman of the Board, on being questioned, stated that the Board of Governors made no distinction between practical atheism and pure atheism in their discussion. He declared that an emphatic resolution had been passed repudiating the contentious editorial, and intimated that the Caput would certainly take some action, but was unable to say exactly what would be done. He reluctantly admitted that the Board had had no discussion of the possibility of cutting off the payment of the compulsory fee to "The Varsity" this year.

Saturday's dailies carry a Canadian Press dispatch to the effect that "The Varsity" has been suspended by the students' council. As to whether it was the students' Council or the Caput there is some doubt, but the news despatch may be taken for what it is worth. At any rate, one may be sure that "The Varsity" is no longer functioning.

Ensuing editorials in "The Varsity" are very interesting. Editorially, on February 26, "The Varsity" begins: "The hounds of purity and light are in full cry. This paper has 'exploded a firecracker that might well tear the fabric of the University to pieces,' if we are to believe the unpolluted press. 'A situation can be! exclaims an eminent divine in horror.'"

"We have said that, if the truth were known, the majority of University students on this campus are practical atheists. This has been enough to arouse a hue and cry second in magnitude only to that once aroused by the horrid assertion that no man ought to be condemned unheard."

"... We agree entirely with the definition of atheism offered by the padre of Hart House when he told a representative of the down-town press that 'an atheist is one who de-

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PERE JAN PARLE AU CLUB FRANCAIS

Le Sujet Très Intéressant Etait "Une Page de l'Histoire de l'Ouest"

A la réunion du Cercle Français, Mercredi, le quatre mars, dans Arts 235, le révérend Père Jan a donné conférence extrêmement intéressante du sujet "Une Page de l'Histoire de l'Ouest." Il a parlé d'une façon toute à fait charmante de nos missionnaires et de nos pionniers qui ont ouvert l'Ouest à la civilisation. Ce qu'ils ont fait mérite notre plus grande reconnaissance et pénible voyage à canot, ces missionnaires ne se sont pas contentés de répandre l'Evangile. Ils ont ouvert les premiers écoles, bûte les premiers ponts; et ils ont encouragé l'agriculture, ils ont établi les premières moulins à farine. Leur bravoure, leur enthousiasme, leur esprit de camaraderie peuvent encore nous inspirer. Le conférencier a terminé son discours avec quelques anecdotes très amusantes tirées de notre histoire pittoresque.

Après avoir remercié le Père Jan au nom des membres du cercle, le président a annoncé la prochaine réunion, qui aura lieu le 18 mars.

CKUA Now On C.N.R. Trans-Canada Hook-Up

University Station is Link in Canadian National Network—Famous C.N.R. Programs to be Featured Tri-weekly

Last Tuesday night the University Radio Station, CKUA, made its debut as a link in the Canadian National network, being welcomed by the Vancouver station. This move has been made in accordance with the policy of giving the very best possible service. During the winter CKUA has been linked up with CKLC, and together they gave a service that has been widely appreciated throughout the province. On Friday next, a report of the Buenos Aires exhibition, in which the Prince of Wales will speak, will be broadcast.

The education courses given over CKUA this year have proved very interesting and have created wide interest. Dr. Broadus has been giving a course in English and E. A. Corbett, Director of Extension, has given a course in Western Canadian History. In an effort to find how many people were listening in on these talks, the Department of Extension got out a map showing early trade routes and routes of the explorers from 1772 to the union of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. More than five hundred maps have been sent out at the request of listeners in and, estimating conservatively, it is thought that more than a thousand people are following the lectures.

This shows that there is a definite place for adult education in radio broadcasting. This conclusion is borne out by the experience of the British Broadcasting Company. They have been encouraging group listening, and have now more than 200 groups to whom they broadcast four times a week. Recently they broadcast a lecture on the functions of the mind. The following day they received 27,000 letters from listeners asking for additional material so that they might pursue the study further. It has been found that lectures are particularly valuable to country people, who show much more interest in the educational lecture than city people. Educational broadcasts are regular features of programs in Europe; the people of England,

France, Germany, etc., being able to listen regularly to some of the greatest living educators. In those countries broadcasting is under government control, and these educational programs are given full prominence.

The Canadian National program will be completely in harmony with the policy of the University station. Among other features there will be regular Thursday night programs on "Dramatization of Canadian History," regular monthly talks on peace sponsored by the League of Nations Society, followed by selections played by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

FRENCH PLAY

Members of "Le Cercle Français" have been very busy during the last month, preparing a delightful modern French comedy, "Le Poulailler." It is to be presented on the evening of March 19, in Convocation Hall, at 8:30 sharp.

Another attraction of the evening will be one of the charming plays of Alfred de Musset, "Un Caprice," which will be given by faculty members and their wives, M. and Mme. Sonet and M. and Mme. Allard.

These two plays give promise of a very enjoyable evening, that is already anticipated by many.

Tickets are being sold by all members of the French Club Executive. French Club members are requested to obtain their tickets from Miss Dorothy Hawley, as a special rate has been arranged for them.

Wauneitas Hold 18th Annual Banquet Tuesday

Gay Decorations Feature Grand Pow-Wow—Mrs. Shipley, Honorary President, Acts as Toastmistress

Spring came early to Athabasca Hall on Tuesday, March 3rd, when two hundred and fifty Wauneitas and their guests assembled there to hold their eighteenth annual banquet.

Long tables decorated with streamers of tender green, softly twinkling candles and great vases of palely-golden daffodils made a most effective and harmonious setting for the occasion, and soft music made a pleasant accompaniment to voices and laughter.

Miss Ruth Cushing, president of the society, introduced Mrs. Shipley, the honorary president, with a few words of appreciation

for the enthusiasm and interest she has shown, as a newcomer to the campus, in the women undergraduates, and presented her with roses as a small token of thanks. Mrs. Shipley acted as toastmistress, and after the guests had drunk to the King, Miss Cushing proposed the toast to the Alumnae, and Miss Simpson, B.Ed. '30, responded with some delightful reminiscences of earlier Wauneita banquets and a kindly expressed wish for the future of the society. Miss Thelma Kingsbury gave a charming piano solo, which was followed by Miss Connie Smith's toast to the University and Mrs. Wallace's gracious reply. The guests then drank with Miss Kae Craig to the Wives of Members of the Faculty, and were deeply gratified by Mrs. Ottewill's friendly and hospitable response. One of the most delightful

numbers on the program was Madame Allard's solo, a quaint French song, and its encore an old English song. Miss Jane Shaw proposed the toast to the Lady Members of the Faculty, and Miss Reita Brown, herself a Wauneita and member of the Alumnae, replied. Miss Margaret Kinney proposed the toast to the Seniors, and Miss Zelma Thompson fittingly expressed the feelings of the Senior Class in her reply.

Then followed the Wauneita song and the much-loved and time-mellowed "Auld Lang Syne." This is the last Wauneita function of the year, and the last of all for some of us, and we feel that it may urge us on in our search for "Whatsoever things are true," and bring us all more closely together under the common tie, "Payuk Uche Kukeyou."

"Outward Bound" Shows Soon --The Finest Bill in Years

"Mrs. Midget" Puts Over Superb Performance Rehearsing—Less Than Fortnight Left Yet

The University Dramatic Society presents its annual offering on Friday and Saturday, March 13th and 14th. This offering, which is before the gods of the finest of fine arts, must always merit the close attention of all connected with the Varsity, but this year, on account of its nature, there should undoubtedly be an even wider appeal.

"Outward Bound," as has been said, was first produced at the Everyman Theatre in London in 1923, and the writer can well remember the furore it then caused in dramatic circles. It signaled another step forward in the onward march of the play, this although you trace its entire lineage back to Elizabethan times. Its novelty lay in the fearless treatment of the old, old subject which is its very backbone. It is possible to describe it as a dramatic spectacle, the painting of a picture on the stage. The main plot is very short, the by-plots are many and ingenious.

As rehearsals go on and the light of smooth direction penetrates to the out, certain characters become more and more clearly delineated. In this connection, if there is anything with which we disagree it is with the portrayal of

a distinct streak of hypocrisy in the character of "The Reverend William Duke." This same vice is amply evident both in "Lingley" and "Mrs. Cliveden-Banks," but in them it was to be expected, or, at any rate, surmised. This play is no advertisement for the clergy. As regards lines, we would certainly recommend the remarks of "Tom Prior" relative to "Elizabethan furniture" as the body of an excellent principle.

Miss Margaret Kinney, playing "Mrs. Midget," is working up an especially fine show. We feel certain that she will excite all the sympathy that is her undoubted due and, probably, a great deal more. Among the male characters, Mr. Bert Cairns (the "Reverend William Duke") and Mr. Tim Byrne ("The Reverend Thompson") are doing extra fine work—hypocrisy and all. This special mention is by no means intended to be derogatory to the performances of the other characters, but we were more greatly impressed by those mentioned than by the others during the few moments when we attended rehearsals.

The back-stage mechanism of production will be almost identical with that which was responsible for the scoring of last spring's success.



THE GATEWAY

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THE OPINION OF THE DAILY PRESS

On Monday, March 2, an editorial entitled "Curbing Student Editorials" appeared in the Edmonton Journal. This editorial is reprinted in full elsewhere on this page.

We are pleased to note that the plight of our Canadian university papers has been considered of sufficient interest to merit editorial comment in the daily press. As a general rule the universities are relegated to the back page except when members of the staff make blasphemous statements concerning free speech, or when the work of the university's laboratories results in producing something which will add directly to the material wealth of the country.

However, while pleased with the prominence given to this item, we take great exception to most of the statements contained herein. For example: "In the B.C. case, as the offending expression of opinion concerned the field of provincial finances and was primarily of provincial interest, the views of the undergraduates were not very valuable. . . . In this case the attitude of the university authorities would seem to be beyond criticism."

Please note that phrase, "the views of the undergraduates were not very valuable." This is unfortunately the viewpoint taken by the "grown-ups" towards us "children" in nearly all cases. Perhaps before making this statement the Journal might do well to reflect that probably over half of the undergraduates are of voting age and as such are supposed to have as much voice in the government as anyone else. As a matter of fact, we feel that there is far more hope for the future in the attitude taken by some of our Canadian undergraduates than in that adopted by some of the "grown up" politicians who occupy high positions in this country.

Furthermore, the proposals of the British Columbia government directly concerned the university of that province. It is a good augury for the University of British Columbia that at least some members of the student body there are sufficiently interested in their institution to discuss and criticize the policies adopted by the provincial government towards it. It seems to us that it is up to the government of the Province of British Columbia to defend its policies. If a government when subjected to criticism must be defended by organized suppression of contrary opinion then the doom of democracy is certainly at hand.

The B.C. government has been severely, perhaps unjustly, criticized by a group, many of whom, as we have pointed out, are of voting age, and who are directly concerned with the government's action. Just or unjust the criticism has been made, and no one is better fitted to make it than the students who are affected. If the government is in the right it should be able and willing to defend itself; if it is not, then the criticisms offered by the students at U.B.C. are justified, and some other policy should be adopted. The policy which has been adopted by the university authorities is certainly not in line with the principles of democratic government, and we cannot agree with the Journal that "in this case the attitude of the university authorities would seem to be beyond criticism."

As to the portion of the editorial dealing with the Toronto case we are more or less in agreement although we feel that the comment about the Free Speech issue is unnecessary and somewhat unfair. This comment reads: "Recently 68 Toronto University professors made a public avowal of their belief in freedom of speech. Possibly they do not feel this should go to the length of attacks upon themselves." This statement is based upon a mere conjecture. Nothing has been said, to our knowledge, to indicate that the professors who stood out for free speech have objected to any criticisms of themselves and their utterances. It is more likely that some of the other professors of that institution, who refused to make any comment upon the free speech issue, are the ones concerned, and the comments of the Journal on this matter are in rather poor taste.

On the whole, we are surprised at the attitude taken by the Journal in this matter. No mention is made of a fact in which the Journal should be vitally interested, namely, the suppression of the freedom of the press as a medium of discussion, for that is what the attitude of the various university authorities has amounted to.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"The government of Bolivia has taken money from the budget of its war department this year and added it to the budget for education."—Intercollegiate Press.

This move, made by one of the so-called "backward" countries of the world, is one which might well be followed by many of the great nations which pride themselves upon their high state of "civilization." The constant bickering about disarmament, the petty arguments about tonnage and size of warships in which civilized nations have been engrossed since the war is at the same time a tragic and a ludicrous commentary on our western civilization.

The suppression of our Canadian college papers this year has reached a point previously unheard-of. This may simply indicate that the university press has attained sufficient power to arouse fear in the

The H' army

(Being the musings of one, Harry Lister, Esq., late of Her Majesty's Queen Victoria's Volunteers, as related to "Colonel.")

They are pore but they are 'onest,
Members of the h'O.T.C.
Some are in it 'cause they likes it,
Some becoss they 'ates P.T.
See them gathered on the campus,
Marchin' round from day to day.
Does they do it 'cause they likes it?
Nah, just becoss they needs the pay.

Watch them paradin' with their rifles,
Listen to the sergeant shout.
Some does one thing, some h'another,
Don't know what it's all abah.
When it's really wet and mushy,
It ain't nice to drill outdoors;
So they uses Convocation,
Dirties up poor 'Arry's floors.

And they moves the blinkin' tibles,
Shoves the chairs against the walls.
Why can't they drill somewheres else
But in the bloomin' 'alls.
Once they lost a blinkin' rifle;
Corporal Lister has it 'praps.
Makes me sick the way their brains work,
Think I needs it shootin' "craps"?

When they lose a pair of breeches
'Arry Lister's blimed of corse;
But I tells the Sergeant Mijor
I cawn't ride a bloomin' 'orse.
Must I allus be a Corporal,
Hain't I qualified for more?
When I has to do the thinking
For the whole dodblasted corps.

Why cawn't I be made a sergeant
After all these years and years,
With my service in the unit
And the h-English Volunteers.
It's the horficers gets the pleasure,
But pore 'Arry gets the blame,
And he's only just a Corporal.
Oh, hain't it a bloomin' shime?

TRAVELLING ACROSS CANADA VIA FREIGHT

(As Told by a Bum)

(McGill Daily)

To those who do not know the wonderful delights and attractions of travelling by freight in the capacity of undesired passenger, to say nothing of the excellent opportunities for exercise offered by the fleetness of the Railway Police—I will endeavor to relate some of my own experiences, both humorous and tragic, while travelling the C.N. Railway.

The first requirement of a freight rider—commonly called a hobo or a bum, although usually he is neither one nor the other—is a two weeks' growth of stubble adorning the chin; a thick sweater, which is very useful when the temperature falls below zero; an extra pair of socks; matches; a knife; and a can in which to make coffee when finances enable coffee to be bought. With these requisites it is possible to travel any distance without being seriously embarrassed by cold, famine, or recognition by friends.

I first rode a freight in April, 1930; being then about 60 miles east of Battleford, Saskatchewan.

As I had no knowledge of how to go about it—I may say my intention was to get to Ottawa—I walked boldly up to a small prairie station, across the track to where the engine stood taking in water, and jumped into a box-car in which I observed several other would-be pullman passengers. From enquiries I found the freight was bound for Winnipeg, which was fortunate for me. After leaving this town we travelled for about 60 miles. Then the car in which we were riding, which was the only empty one on the train, was sidetracked, and we were obliged to ride on top of the coach.

To make matters worse it commenced to blizzard and for 6 hours, almost unable to move, we held on with frozen fingers while the icy wind and snow beat into our face. We pulled up at "Humboldt" at 7:30 that evening, and immediately rushed for the nearest shelter. Having a few dollars in my pocket, I made for the nearest restaurant and hot coffee. I slept that night on the bare cement floor of the Round-house, at the side of the boilers. The bed was warm, though hard, and had the great advantage of being impossible to fall out of. I was awakened by snow down the back of my neck: having the pleasure of a snowball which a C.N.R. employee had intended for his friend.

Leaving there that day I travelled without any

minds of the authorities who see some of the automatic power slipping away, or it may simply mean that Canada is fast following the lead of our neighbors to the south and becoming a country in which freedom of opinion is carefully and systematically suppressed.

"A man appeared recently in Toronto police court charged with stealing twenty copies of the Globe. The magistrates ordered that he be sent to the Psychiatric hospital to be examined as to his sanity."—Edmonton Journal.

After reading some of the copies of the Globe which appeared during the recent Free Speech issue we are inclined to agree with the magistrate. However, the man may simply be one of the bright luminaries who contributed the correspondence which appeared in that paper at that time.

The weather man proved his usual infallibility this week by forecasting "Fair and Mild" on Tuesday evening. And, in this connection, have you ever noticed that the Edmonton Bulletin and Edmonton Journal cannot even agree on the weather forecasts.

"Bernard College gives full class credit for students in sleeping courses. Any tired student may enroll."—McGill Daily.

At the University of Alberta it has been found unnecessary to give special courses in this subject.

trouble to Winnipeg—although one serious accident took place. An altercation arising between a Canadian and a Bohunk, the latter stuck his knife into the Canuck's back. He was taken to a hospital at the first station while the Bohunk vanished—not before he had been severely knocked about by several Canadians travelling on that freight.

I left the freight at St. Boniface, not daring to ride directly into Winnipeg, as there were too many Railway Police. I walked through Winnipeg to Transcona and slept in a big Dairy Barn that night. The next morning I jumped the freight as it came up the grade by the barn, and found a lumber car. There were two other boys on it—one whose father held a high Government position in the Ontario Government and who was beating his way home from Vancouver, and an English boy, a professional boxer. We travelled along companionably until we came to Sioux Lookout, and then jumped off, as we wanted food and were nearly broke.

We did odd jobs around the town that afternoon—splitting wood, etc.—and earned enough for our meals and a few cents over. Again we slept on the cement bed in the Railway's Round House and as we were pretty tired after so much travelling and the work too, we slept easily regardless of our comfortable surroundings. Jumping the freight again the next morning we rode in to the next divisional point, Armstrong, and again stayed for the day doing odd jobs. I sawed wood all afternoon and picked up a dollar and my meal. The owner had a Heintzman Grand Piano and I surely enjoyed myself. I played the piano while the owner, who also had a banjo, strummed away with me. It was two o'clock in the morning when I left there and met my friends as the train left at 2:30.

We rode all that night on the end of an oil tank,



GOD BLESS OUR HOME

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—There have been brought to our notice several criticisms of Household Economics as a course for girls which are due we think, to ignorance of the nature of the course and its purpose. It behooves us to refute these various opinions.

First and foremost, Household Economics has been called impractical. We would remind those who think thus that household science along with agriculture form the basis of our civilization, and so any study in connection with either of these courses is extremely practical. The home is the basis of our society, so it stands to reason that training is necessary to run it. What is obtained in the home itself is often inadequate.

Comparing it with other courses for girls—Arts, Pharmacy, Education, Medicine, Commerce—we see that House Ec. is both a cultural and a vocational course. Graduates have a profession and also have a training in home management which graduates of these other courses have not, when they come to get married, as the majority do. House Ec. girls are asked, "Why do you come to university to learn to cook?" They don't. Out of some twenty-seven courses necessary for the degree, only four pertain to cooking. Another common accusation is that girls take House Ec. with a view to marriage. In the great majority of cases this is not so, for House Ec. is a profession which offers just as many inducements as any other—such as wages, hours, variety, interest, etc.

There are those who see no openings for House Ec. graduates beyond the dietitian or the teacher of House Ec. In reality there are countless other positions: child welfare work, social service, designing, interior decorating, commercial demonstrators, editing magazine columns, commercial advertising, food research work, bacteriology lab work, etc. These are all branches of Household Economics. It is asked, "Why have dietitians?" and the food in hospitals is criticized. Dietitians are just as important in health as are doctors, and the importance of diet is now a recognized fact.

Then there is the sap course myth. A course which has lectures all morning and a lab every afternoon but one during three years is anything but a sap course. Consider also that many of these labs are in hot rooms and the girls must be on their feet the whole time. Then people feel sorry for the House Ec. girls for having to do such disagreeable and tiresome work. There is more interest and variety in this course than in any other and there is more scope for creative ability.

There are few among those who criticize it who know what the course is made up of. It is thought by many to be like keeping house at home. If more girls knew before they came to Varsity what the course is about there would be more registering in it, though the number is fast increasing. Many find out and wish to change after a year or so in another course, when it is too late or time must be lost if the change is made. For those who say that it is not cultural, we might point out that enough Arts options must be carried to give a good grounding on this side. The increasing recognition of the importance of this study is seen in the opening of new schools and of government research and information bureaus.

Thus, for these and many other reasons Household Economics is an ideal course for girls and is not what the majority of people think it is. Incidentally, the writer of this is not a House Ec. student.

W. H. H.

Mr. John Galsworthy writes all his manuscripts by hand. That of the "Forsyte Saga" is bound in red morocco and is in the British Museum.—Queen's University Journal.

Editorial Opinions

CURBING STUDENT EDITORIALS

(Edmonton Journal)

University newspapers in Canada appear to be experiencing difficult times. Recently the B.C. university paper suspended publication for a short time because it was told it must not criticize the provincial government. Now the Toronto university paper is suppressed because it stated "practical atheism was being taught" at that institution.

In the B.C. case, as the offending expression of opinion concerned the field of provincial finances and was primarily of provincial interest, the views of the undergraduates were not very valuable. The government had stated it would be impossible to expand the university to meet the demands of increasing enrollment. It therefore ruled that students must be selected more carefully; that a higher standard for entrance would have to be set up. The editor of the student paper offered strong criticism and was ordered to keep his views to himself. The publication board thereupon suspended activities. In this case the attitude of the university authorities would seem to be beyond criticism.

The Toronto incident appears in a different light altogether. The students are making charges based on conditions of which they should have full knowledge. That the charge is serious is all the more reason for investigation rather than suppression. Recently 68 Toronto University professors made a public avowal of their belief in freedom of speech. Possibly they do not feel this should go the length of attacks upon themselves. In any event, the charge that atheism is being taught will have to be answered. The people of Ontario will insist on that.

Forty-seven students at the College of the City of New York were fined \$25 and costs each for the damage they did when celebrating after a sophomore class dinner recently.—Intercollegiate Press.

An autographed manuscript of Kipling's "Recessional" was recently sold in England for £630. It is being brought to America—Queen's University Journal.



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Are You Going Abroad?

All the Overseas Scholars and the majority of Overseas travellers from the University of Alberta travelled Canadian Pacific last year and availed themselves of the personal services of Ron. W. Greene or Steve Shandro.

If going abroad, Phone 25675 for appointment or information, or call at Room 106a, C.P.R. Building.

Canadian Pacific Steamships

New Brunswick, N.J. — A hard claystone pipe, buried in a stratum of glacial gravel since a date estimated at 1100 A.D., has been discovered near South River, about eight miles from here, by Granville A. Juackebush, instructor in geology at Rutgers University.—Intercollegiate Press.

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POT POURRI

An Examination of Toronto, of Song Writers, Cuban Sweetness and Light, Tropical Research, and Other Beautiful Features of Our Culture

By Pervical Hodnut

Varsity, Raw, Raw!

Once again the Toronto student newspaper is the centre of turmoil—just when we had decided that the editor of "The Varsity" had finished his fights with the faculty and public for some two or three months at least. Of course, that's the beauty of attending the University of Toronto: one has only to mutter the name of Stalin, or to speak of atheism, or to mention that pointless and boring pastime (we mean "petting," of course) which is practised by the debauchee (but not to be spoken of in public)—one has only to hint at these things, we reiterate, and a storm in a tea cup follows, giving life a verve by the nature of the reactions of Puritan Toronto.

We don't know how we should get along without that fair eastern city: Do you, Miss Undergraduate, and YOU, Mr. Undergraduate, realize that Toronto is the guardian of our virtue, of the undeveloped minds of youthful collegians, of our politicians and bootleggers—of our national honor? Ah! my friends: it is beautiful, is it not, to observe the pastoral simplicity and all-consuming righteousness of Toronto's thousands!

Umm—Philosophy!

However, many will side with those thousands if it is proved that the teaching of atheism is current at the U. of T. It is perhaps the misfortune of the student if he learns scepticism while at college—purely from reading and judging, wisely or unwisely, for himself; we are not so passive when professors deliberately announce their intentions of directly upsetting the student's faith—as yet, anyway. Russia's practice gains little favor in other countries.

Man on the Wayne?

Rudy Valée et al must look to their laurels. Miss Mary Wayne has just about equalled all records for the production of "best-seller" popular songs. Do you know, as we know, as the up-to-the-minute intellects of the Machine Age always know, that Miss Wayne wrote "Ramona," "It Happened in Old Monterey," "In a Little Spanish Town," "Little Spanish Dancer," and others? Not only that; she can sing her own and other popular songs at least as well as Rudy Valée (to our mind: but we have indicated before that such a compliment is doubtful). If her singing does not possess great appeal, however, her songs seem to. And the feminists can now give themselves another pat on the back. (P.S.—Her speaking voice is perfectly delightful, as the S.C.M. reports would say.)

A Little Spanish Bull

Senor Julio Bianco Herrera (Cuban philanthropist): "Baseball is the greatest game in the world. If all the nations played it there wouldn't be any wars. They would all be arguing over the respective merits of their teams." Ah, yes, indeed. "There wouldn't be any wars." Ah, yes, indeed.

Page Mr. Diogenes

Doctor William Beebe (Director of Tropical Research for the New York Zoological Society): "I am proud to say that my work is of no practical value." Here is an honest man. We had thought never to find so important a man so frank in his speech.

It's Moseley True, Anyway

Sir Oswald Moseley: "It's wonderful, the ingenuity of the human mind for finding reasons to postpone or delay action. It is the most powerful factor in modern politics." The queer thing about this statement is that the British Labor Party would be unanimously supported when expressing it.

Women Still Wiley

Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley (National Woman's party, U.S.): "The theory

that women work for pin money was exploded long ago." True, lady. Few see the point in using pins any more. There are a few pins women like to work for yet, though: frat pins, rolling pins, ten pins.

Is This a Mystic?

Albert Einstein (autographing a drawing of himself): "This fat, well-sated swine is Professor Einstein." Albert the Mystic is not without a sense of humour, evidently. In addition, we learn from Mrs. Einstein that her husband, despite his skill in higher mathematics, is not capable in the financial affairs of his home. The pocket-book is kept in her possession.

Marry, 't is Interesting

N. A. L. Flood (convicted bigamist): "I soon learned that if you treated a woman as you would a square shooting man, the woman will fall for you every time." This, to many, will seem the most interesting item in our column for this week. We shall be delighted to hear how Mr. Flood's principle works out. Limited time forbids us making experiments for ourself.

The Sow's Ear

Well, the Toronto "Varsity" is at it again. What a rugged, liberty-loving people those indignant journalists must be. Not a week must pass without its agonized appeal for liberty, not an issue must appear without exposing some flagrant oppression. They go to the mat with the unenlightened city on anything and everything. Free speech must be fought for tooth and nail, tyranny must be displayed in all its repulsive nudity. Sometimes they are championing something worth while, at other times they are merely raising a dust. We suspect that someone on the staff must be related to W. R. Hearst. We'll have to address them all in French and find out if this is so. We don't mind them getting hoarse and red in the face about freedom of speech, one rather expects that, freedom of speech is an Anglo-Saxon hobby. Having as a rule very little to say, the Anglo-Saxons amuse themselves by arguing over whether they should say it. Not only the "Varsity" would suffer materially if this grand old argument were settled—we should be robbed of our second greatest topic of conversation and controversy. What with circulating questionnaires to the profs, extracting thumping generalizations from the results, counting up the immortal 68, having student votes, referendums (or—a) and so on, what fun the boys have had. Now the free speech question is sleeping as usual, like a watchful dog, one eye open, ready to spring up on the carpet at any need, but really preferring to get forty winks. It is not likely to respond to any tickling or poking by the "Varsity" for a while, so the "Varsity" staff have had to seek a new toy. Now, the Anglo-Saxons cherish next to liberty their religious convictions. Liberty in politics they will grant, liberty in thought is a different thing. Up rises the "Varsity" to champion liberty, even license, of thought (sic!). Atheism is rampant in U. of Toronto. The wolf is at the door. Moreover, the professors are responsible, so saith the "Varsity." The professors are accused of preaching, — a nasty indictment. "There is no God, and the professors are His Prophets"—thus rings the cry around Toronto's hallowed precincts, if we are to believe our contemporary. But are we? Atheism implies a dogmatic belief in the non-existence of God, a belief founded on just as few facts, certainly, as a dogmatic belief in His existence. A professor, or a thinking student, surveying the proofs of the question, might consider them inadequate, might come to the conclusion that the existence of God is possible, or probable, or improbable, but never that it is impossible. We cannot imagine any professor coming to so extreme a view on so few facts, still less can we imagine any professor preaching so strict and positive a dogma. Agnosticism, perhaps; atheism, certainly not. We defy anyone, professor or student, to prove conclusively to us that God does not exist. "Varsity," we fear, has again discovered a mare's nest, has again looked with microscopic eye at a mole-hill. Another fearful exposé has turned out to be a tempest in a tea-pot. Ah well! Boys will be boys—it must be heaps of fun. —A.

Washington State College claims that college yells and cigarettes are bringing about a definite lowering of girl's voices.—McGill Dily.

Twenty Years Ago

March, 1911

Before another issue appears the student body will have been called upon to vote on an extremely important matter, that is the amendment to the constitution of the students' council. When the present constitution was framed in the beginning of our first year it was not expected that the provisions contained in it would continue to cover all conditions which might arise as the University life developed. Perhaps the necessity for such sweeping changes as seem likely to be proposed show how small an appreciation the legislators of two and one-half years ago had of the work such an organization as the Students' Council must undertake if it is to fulfil its obligations. Be that as it may, we shall probably be asked to vote on practically a new constitution. The financial scheme is to be thoroughly overhauled, the literary society is to be organized on a sound basis, and last, but by no means least, an effort will be made to bring the management of athletics under a business and sportsmanlike scheme, worthy of the University which ought to set and maintain a standard for true sport. Now the point of all this is simply that every student should take a keen interest in the proposed changes, make himself familiar with the constitution and be prepared to vote intelligently upon the merits of the questions at issue.

Sport.—Hockey: Five members of the senior team accompanied by Bud Kent and Jimmy Bill of City League fame, journeyed to Lacombe on February 17 and were handed the small end of a 4 to 3 score. It was a close, hard-fought encounter, but the home team were there with the ding-dong finish which enabled them to come out ahead.

TEN YEARS AGO

March 2, 1921

HYPNOTIST FAILS IN CHEAP FRAUD

Students Take Up Cudgels for Better Vaudeville—Fakes Acceptable If They Are Clever

GANG RARES

Neatness and Despatch Characterizes Manner in Which Zeulika Myth is Shattered

Were the students there? They were. At least the management of the Pantages theatre came to the conclusion that they were thereabouts near the close of the evening.

It all happened on Thursday evening. One called Madame Zeulika had for that week been failing miserably to impress the Edmonton public with an idea of her powers as an hypnotist. In fact, the portly Madame, not content with such mediocrity, announced that she was the only real woman hypnotist in the world. She was indeed the only one of her kind—at least we hope so. Unfortunately for Madame, however, her act happened to be a little worse than the Edmonton public have been putting up with for the last two or three years.

Throughout the whole performance the students, gathered to see the show, remained inconspicuously scattered throughout the audience. In fact, the "Pan" put on an exceptionally good bill and it was heartily applauded. When Madame barged onto the stage and announced in clarion tones that only "those ladies and gentlemen of Edmonton" who had invitations would be honored by receiving her hypnotic attention, there was a movement from one of the boxes, as a dozen students of the University of Alberta climbed up to offer their unwelcome assistance. They had received a warning from Saskatchewan and were on deck in force to prevent any pugilistic endeavors on the part of Madame Zeulika's "ladies and gentlemen of Edmonton."

After some delay caused by the workings of the musical soul of Mr. Winston Weaver (who little realizes how near the gates of Hell he stood), the spokesman of the Varsity boys managed to get a hearing, and explained to the audience the meaning of the whole proceedings.

Happily no casualties were sustained. We understand that the management regard the whole affair in a sensible light, and Edmontonians have expressed their approval. Everyone is happy except Madame Zeulika—and she can't expect happiness in this world while "pulling such stuff."

The Edmonton Journal and Madame Zeulika

As the account of the Zeulika exposure given in the Edmonton Journal left the impression that the students of Alberta had behaved with uncalled-for rudeness, a letter was sent to the Editor of the Journal in order that a true account of what had taken place might be given to those citizens who had conceived a wrong impression.

The Journal found itself unable to do so, and the letter was returned with the following reply:

28th February, 1921.

Dear Sir:

Your letter was received too late for publication on Saturday so that it will have to appear after the engagement of the performer criticized in Edmonton has finished. I understand further that the balance of her tour on the circuit has been cancelled. Accordingly the object sought by the students has been accomplished, and I cannot see that any good purpose could be accomplished by a publication of your letter at this date. I am therefore returning it to you herewith.

Yours truly,

A. B. WATT.

Varsity Beats Calgary Wildcats on Sat. 35-23

Varsity Plays a Smooth Scientific Game of Basketball, with the Keel Brothers Starring

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. BULL, the voice of the dairy—JAM announcing. Beginning tomorrow evening at exactly 13:65½ o'clock Chinese mountain valley time, a special dedication and christening service will be held in our studio for the purpose of re-naming Station BULL. For this occasion we will be favored by the blushing presence of Mr. Vince Allen, Past Grand Potentate and official Librarian of the Edmonton Chapter of the Dirty Club, who will officially christen this station EDC (for key please see Mr. S. U. (Buttercup) A. Mr. Allen will describe in detail his many past experiences in, and some of the noble ideals of this organization, and will extend a cordial invitation to all Pembinites to come and help us carry the banner. The reason for this sudden change is, that bull, once a priceless gem because of its scarcity, has now become so prevalent that the market is overflooded, and so the name seems, if not really inadequate to our aims, somewhat antiquated because of its common use. True, bull is still of great value. We notice an increase in the price of beefsteak and hamburger, and we also notice the fortunes which liberal doses of bull have helped to amass on the floor of the House of Commons; but such plebeian aims are not compatible with those of the EDC. Mr. Allen will also tell some prime stories of very recent publication, so folks—don't forget to listen. We will now switch to the gym in Athabasca, where we will have transmitted to us by remote control the great basketball game between the Varsity Seniors and the Wildcats. Here they are!

Hurrah, the Wildcats are on. McBeith, former Varsity star, leads. They get a great hand from the crowd. We notice Windy Borgal's brother there. Gee—good-looking chap. Can't be related to Windy. They practice; they sure look good. Whoopie! Just hear that crowd go wild. Varsity is on. Oh, boy, is this fun. Say, I was never so excited or laughed so much since the night my mother-in-law died. This will be a struggle all right. They're ready to go—they're gone. Gordon Keel gets tip, shoots, misses. McBeith has ball, fast pass to Borgal to McBeith. Good tries follow, but, thank God, you missed. Fenerty intercepts, passes to Gordon to Al; fough, missed. Robertson fouls Gord; Gordon nets free shot. Great! One point. Al has ball; tough luck, old Phidippides, too many steps. McBeith to Borgal to Wilbur Robertson, missed by an inch, nice try. Game fast—Oh, Allah, I can't talk fast enough. Gordon has it from Ad, scores—well, virtue of Satan, isn't that great! Ad made great try, missed, looks like a jumping jack. McBeith tries hard shot, missed. Mert was a fraction

short from halfway. Robertson nearly nets from centre. Buzz fouled Sheane; Sheane scored—what a damn sheany trick. Borgal fouled Al; Al misses. Mert shoots from centre, a little high. Al fouled Dick; two shots—well, justifiable blasphemy, he scored both; nice going Dick. Gordon was near in, Borgal scores from centre; good old Emmerston! Ad from Mert, rolled around the edge. Ad to Gordon; Gordon muffed—muffs are out of style too. Gordon from Ad, darn near in. Ad fouled Dick; Dick scores two—what the Dickens! Ad sank lovely shot. Just listen to those cheers. Game stopped while hats, broken limbs, bottles, compacts and corsets are gathered up. The crowd is really a little excited. Wait—whose glass eye is that? Game on. Dick nearly in from centre. Gordon shot; tough, a little short. Ad to Gordon, a perfect basket. Play is very fast. Al Carscallon doing great work. McBeith, Dick and Borgal star for Wildcats. Borgal and Imrie out. Gordon from Mert, just missed. Mert from Ad; great stuff, a neat basket. Mert shot and Gordon banged in rebound. Time out. The crowd relaxes. Maidens breathe once more. Time on. Y scores; I don't know who he is. Ad nearly scored. Olsen scored free shot. Come on, Varsity, a little old paprika. Ad from Gordon, good try. Olsen to Dick, missed. Mert nearly scored from centre. Old Daddy Longlegs can't score. Al fouled Olsen; Olsen scores free shot. Al missed a free throw—deary me! Gordon missed twice, heck; Mert missed, cringes. Ad missed, DAMN. Mert fouled McBeith; Jimmie missed—hurrah! Gordon from Ad from Buzz, great work. Ad to Gord, no score. Y makes fine try. McBeith dribbles length of floor. Mert from Gordon, nearly in. Jimmie McB. makes nice try, missed. Ad makes great save to Gordon; Gordon misses. Gordon scores—whoopie! Ad to Gordon, great combination, nearly in. Gordon gets two free throws; scores one. Gordon in. McBeith misses and Gordon scored. Olsen makes grand basket from two-thirds way. Hagen makes great score for Y—wham! That ???? (m+1) gun of Shirts'. Time!

Now to relax. Say, this is great. Score 16-16; wonderful game. Here we go again! Bill Shandro

THANKS!!!!

The Editor and staff of The Gateway wish to thank those public-spirited students who in the course of the past week have so materially assisted this paper by depositing in The Gateway Contribution Box in the south end of the Arts Building the following:

2 burnt matches, 6 defunct salted almonds, 1 ditto salted peanut, 2 fragments of peanut shell, 1 empty matchbox, 2 pieces of a Beech Nut Mints wrapper (slightly torn), 1 piece tinfoil (in poor shape), 1 broken glass bead, 1 cigar butt (unfortunately too short to be of further use).

We regret very much that lack of space has made it impossible for us to publish any of these fascinating contributions heretofore, but in the near future we intend to put as many as we can of them in the paper. We must, however, insist that if cigar butts are to be left for our consideration, they must be at least of sufficient length for us to obtain an adequate idea of their quality.

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on—looks great—old Eagle Eye Bill. Wildcats look darn determined. Well, Varsity doesn't look like a bunch of lavender cowboys either. Mert scores—oh, baby! Dick misses free throw. Mert scores again—just like the movies. Dick fouls; Mert scores—by

(Continued on Page 6)

Students Offer to Rebuild School (The Nation, New York)

When schools burn down, children ordinarily throw their hats in the air and shout for the vacation caused by the catastrophe. An instance of an exactly opposite reaction has just come to our attention. The Hessian Hills School, a progressive school in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, burned to the ground the other night, and within twenty-four hours nearly every child in the school had offered to help rebuild it. One offered pennies; many pledged allowances; one club of pupils offered to double the dues paid by every member so that the school might have "between \$8 and \$9 a month for the place where we will study next year." Another class voted to be "self-supporting" and buy paper, pencils, and a black-board out of money in its possession. Here was the reaction of a new generation to a new type of education. No less exceptional, in view of the uninspiring character of much public and formal education, was the spontaneity with which the teachers seized upon the catastrophe for educational purposes. When some youngsters scratched down on paper plans for the new school, they were made the basis for lessons in arithmetic, geometry, mechanical drawing, and discussions on architecture. "What are schools for?" was one question asked. "How should the rooms, shops, auditorium, and son on, be located with respect to each other? What are the building problems of a school?" Maybe the new Hessian Hills School—if sufficient funds can be raised in a dark year to build one—will reveal some of the ideas worked out by the folks interested, the very children who will use it!

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SPORTS



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U. of S. Brings Up a Strong Team
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Webster Maguire — Playing his third season with the green and white and is displaying the best brand of ball of his career. Maguire has a keen eye, and his speed make him difficult to watch.

Howard Urquhart, forward—Howie hails from British Columbia, where they take their basketball seriously. His second season on the squad, and is playing a much improved game. Neat around the hoop.

Doug Shaw, forward—Fast and tricky, in addition to packing a wicked shot.

Rus Hopkins, forward — Another veteran who has stepped out to show much improved form this year. Hopkins bores in well, and teams up well all the time.

Len Purdy, forward — A second string man who does not weaken in the lineup the slightest when injected into the fray.

Pete Graham, captain, guard—The husky Peter is evidently taking the duties of skipper seriously, for he is playing even smarter basketball than last season. Big and fast, with a scoring punch that is an asset to the team.

Hugh Bell, guard—A product of the Queen City, where he played with the well-known Regina Balmorals. Plenty of experience and speed to burn makes Bell one of the most effective men on the squad.

Mickey McAdam, guard—The grid star is just as clever on the basketball court as he is on the cleat-torn playing field. Mickey's smooth ball-handling and clever passing game make him a guard of the first order.

Coach Ray Frey, former Green and White star.

Varsity Lineup

Mert Keel, centre.
Ad Donaldson, forward.
Bill Pullishy, forward.
Gordon Keel, forward.
Royce Craig, centre.
Alan Carscallen, defense.
Buzz Fenerty, defense.
Harold Killick, defense.
Vi Woods, defense.
Bill Shandro, coach and sub-forward.

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Standing: Maguire, Purdy, Bell, Johnson, Clare, Urquhart, Shaw.

Seated: Matheson, Reusch (Manager), Graham (Captain), Frey (Coach), and McAdam.

ENGINEERS TAKE LEAD IN PLAY-OFF

Meds and Science Play Tie Game
1-1, But Science Wins 3-1
in Second Tussle

The interfaculty hockey playoff is now in full swing with the Engineers and Meds doing battle for the championship. The Engineers were tied with the Arts-Pharm for second place in the league, but defeated them 1-0 last Friday in a hard-fought game on terrible ice.

The first game in the playoff of President Fish's league took place last Sunday morning, when the Engineers and Meds fought for sixty minutes to a 1-1 tie. The ice for this game was better than usual, and the play was fast. Both teams pressed hard, and Wilson and Prevey were called upon to make many saves. The Engineers showed more combination, but the more brilliant individuals of the Med team offset this advantage. The score is very indicative of the play, neither team having had the edge of the play.

The second game was played under less favorable conditions, with the Engineers finishing up on the large end of a 3-1 score. The first game having ended in a draw, both teams travelled at a dizzy clip the whole game. There was considerable ill-feeling between the two teams, and rough play was quite evident, despite the efforts of Brother Phillip to keep the game clean.

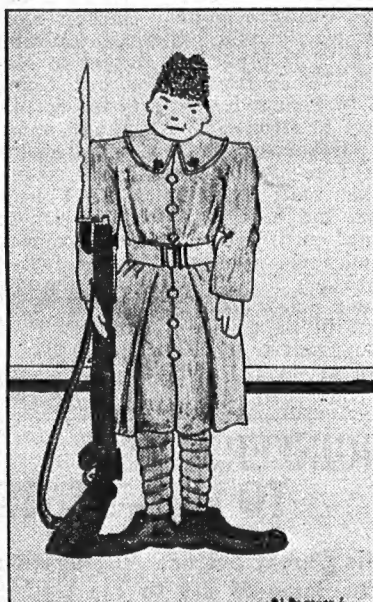
The Engineers took to the slush better than the Meds, and had the Meds fairly disorganized. The Meds, however, fought hard, and only gave the Science lads three chances to score, which those boys took every advantage of. Britton, McGowan and Al Robertson scored three neat tallies for the Engineers, while Kendall and Gibson combined to score a fine goal for the Meds. The Engineers were deserving of their victory, and seem to be the likely champions. On the other hand, the Meds are a hard team to beat. However, the game on Wednesday will tell. Should the Meds win it, an extra game will have to be played on account of the tie game, but should the Engineers take the Meds down again they will be crowned league champions.

Sight-seeing excursions for college students, once almost unheard of, now are common adjuncts to college teaching.—Intercollegiate Press.

After prayers for rain had been offered in Southwest African churches, a 48-hour downpour raged in the district, causing damage estimated in the thousands of dollars.—Intercollegiate Press.

The great Canadian historian, Francis Parkman, lived a great part only able to work a few minutes each day.—Queen's University Journal.

SNOW-SHOE SEASON



STARTS IN SAHARA

Close-up of Hassi Ben Shot, lance-corporal in "La Legion Etrangere," who, by the way, will be in charge of the Special Snappy Snow-shoe Squad of the famous regiment, known to all as the "Cavalerie à Pied."

COEDS DEFEATED BY CENTRAL GRADS

Calgary Central Grads Take First
Game of Provincial
Playoffs 17-13

The University of Alberta Senior ladies' basketball team was defeated at Calgary last Friday night by the Central Grads with a score of 17-13. This was the first game of the home-and-home semi-finals of the provincial senior girls' basketball series. The Centrals now have a four-point lead into the second game, which will be played on Saturday, March 7, in the Upper Gym at 7:00 o'clock, prior to the Saskatchewan-Varsity men's basketball game at 8:00 o'clock.

The game was a tie all through to the last period. Varsity scored first, and at the end of the first period the score was 3-3. At half time it was 6-6, and at three-quarters it was 13-12 for Varsity. With this close playing, it is safe to say that the game on Saturday promises to be interesting.

It was not a fast game, and many wild shots were made on the part of Varsity. The defense work of the Centrals was excellent; Varsity also had some defense work to its credit.

Helen Mahaffy played by far her best game of the season. Twice she brought the crowd to its feet with sensational scores from far out, the baskets coming early in the game. But she was closely checked, and towards the very end she was removed for personal fouls. Josie Kopta and Ethel Barnett both played good all-round games.

The lineups and their respective scores are as follows:

Varsity: Kopta (3), Melnyk (2), Fry, Ford, Kinney (3), Mahaffy (4), Morrison, McMahan, Barnett (1)—total, 13.

Centrals: Piette (1), Newcombe (3), Edmundson (11), Bancroft (2), Allan, Canning, Tollington—total, 17.

SPORTING SLANTS

We haven't heard any of the Senior hockey team boasting about their trip to Lacombe. Is it another case of the tables being turned on the "city slickers"?

The Calgary team beat our ladies in the last minutes of the game—where was Varsity's usual fighting finish? Perhaps it will be in evidence in the home gym.

The University of Saskatchewan hoop squad is due to play here on Saturday and Monday. They have a strong team this year, as described elsewhere on this page, and it will be worth while to come out and see how they stack up against Bill Shandro's stalwarts. The winner of this series plays the University of British Columbia later next week for the Rigby trophy. Turn out and help the boys win.

Friday night was decidedly unsuccessful for Varsity's hoop specialists, both girls' and men's team meeting defeats. The girls took the short end in Calgary and the men's intermediates lost to the Y.M.C.A.

The Senior men played brilliant basketball on Saturday night to defeat the Wildcats. We haven't seen such scientific basketball as Varsity played for many years. Though Calgary held them even for the first half, we didn't for a moment fear defeat.

Mert and Gordon Keel certainly know how to drop the ball through the iron rings. Ad Donaldson sat tight in his corner to receive passes—and when he got them he converted them into points.

Calgary played hard and subbed often, but didn't have the style Varsity displayed.

MONARCHS DEFEAT COEDS AT HOCKEY

Monarchs Take Varsity's Second
Game 3-1—Wet Ice Slows
Game

The Varsity ladies' hockey team was defeated by the Monarchs 9-1 on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, in their second encounter with the overtown girls this season. As a result of the mild weather the wet ice kept the game from being as fast as it might have been. The Varsity girls played a good game, better than the last time, which spoke well for their lack of practice.

M. Cogswell Scores
Varsity's lone goal and the first this season was scored by Margaret Cogswell. Several scrambles around the Monarch's goal resulted in two of their goals—in fact, it is alleged that one of the Varsity girls was generously inclined, and in the scramble put one into her opponents' goal when Bessie Clarke's vigilance was for a moment relaxed. Kathleen Campbell played well on the forward line with K. Craig and Margaret Cogswell, while Laura Gourlay, Jean Knowlan and Gert Clayton relieved them. The spectators did much to support the girls.

The lineup for Varsity was as follows:
Bessie Clark, goal; Margaret Craig, Pat McCarthy, defence, K. Campbell, K. Craig, Marg Cogswell, Laura Gourlay, Jean Knowlan, Gert Clayton, forwards.

Arts "B" Team Wins to Gain Interfac Basketball Crown

Defeat Science and Arts "A" Teams to Win Championship—
McCourt is Big Shot for Arts "B" Hoop Squad

In a two-game series with total points to count, the Arts "B" gang nosed out the Science squad, to challenge the Arts "A" aggregation for the interfaculty basketball honors. Ash Wednesday saw the first game, in which Arts "B" took Science down to the tune of 27-19. The Engineers fought hard the next game, and won out 30-28. The total score, however, gave Arts "B" the series by the score of 55-49. In the two games McCourt shone for Arts and Lilge was the high scorer for Science.

Arts "B" vs. Arts "A"

Arts "B" basketball team annexed the interfaculty championship of the University on Monday night, when they defeated their brother Arts squad, champions of "A" division by a score of 34-26, and thus won the round by ten points, since they likewise triumphed in the opening battle of the series 28-26. Monday night's game was furiously fought from start to finish, but Arts "B" went into the lead from the very start and were never headed. In the dying moments of the game the "A" warriors, who have demonstrated all season that they have plenty of fighting spirit, staged a courageous rally, but they were too far behind to make up the deficit. Hannechko, their star centre, played the entire game with a badly injured leg, and the big boy's offensive efficiency was seriously impaired, although he played a stellar checking game throughout. Crawford likewise played a hard game, but was too closely watched to be as effective as usual.

The "B" squad played consistent basketball throughout. They have a distinctly effective system of shooting from centre, with a speedy forward always on hand to nail the rebound, and almost every member of

sity displayed. And for this same style we hand a bouquet to Bill Shandro, Varsity's popular playing coach.

The Year Book Yodellers have drawn The Gateway Grizzlies' claws. Playing the overtime period without "Ski" the illustrious, the latter were unable to withstand the onslaught, and the Yodellers ran in 2 goals to defeat the ink-slingers 4-2.

It is rumored that there will be a snooker and billiard tournament started shortly. The bets are all in favor of that well known actor, Chris Jackson, who has never been known to miss his cue.

And while on the topic of rumors, it is bruited abroad that next fall's football team will not be doing their practices on the Varsity grid. We are told that the boys will be going out to a lake to spend the last couple of weeks before the U opens in October. Tough luck, girls, no more handsome, hairy, he-men to gloat over.

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THOSE BOHEMIANS

Oh, but, my dear, what you missed! That is, if you didn't see "The Bohemian Girl" last week in Convo Hall. But if you did you know how it crammed the gate and was just too adorable or something, so you needn't read any further: you can turn to page 3 and play at Aerop's game—Sow's Ear Old Man while I give the rest a vein full of that show. (Had to bribe Aerop, to write a Sow's Ear this week for the sake of that gag, so get busy, support your home industries.)

Well, in the first place, dearie, all the "anybodies" were there, many of them in evening drag, so don't think you didn't pass up something pretty high-class just to stay home and play at your old bridge, poker, peanut rummy, or newmarket (check one desired). Oh, yes, we music lovers were out en masse, and were plenty edified by one of the best operatic efforts yet to be seen in these parts. But I just know you want to hear about it, so here's the dope.

A mysterious egg called Thaddeus skates into the glim and does an eccentric hop; then he gets a bit excited and plucks a rifle from a nearby bush. The thing goes boom, and Thad skates off to see what he's hit. Well, it seems he's done a beau geste by killing the royal stag or something that was to make his breakfast on the infant daughter of one Count Arnheim. This gent soon stalks on and waxes lyric over his partly chewed progeny. But that's not the half of it, dearie. The forest is just swarming with Peasants and Gypsies and things (male and female) with all their relatives (ditto). It turns out that Thaddeus is just "Pussyfoot" Johnson in disguise, so he throws a small panic over a finger of giggles and breaks up some of the count's best china. This gipsy Arnheim, who wants to snap the bracelets on Pussyfoot. But the heavy of the count, a chap called Devilshoof, the president of the gypsies, turns up in the nicotine and prevents this. This Hoof is no fool; he's already signed up Pussyfoot to play Gypsy and doesn't want to be done by a mere count. But the latter puts the heavy in the jug, which proves a bit crampish, so he ups and leaves sudden like. And what's more, dearie, he takes along the infant as a souvenir (are you screaming?). Then the multitude gets wise to the kidnapping and goes into a close session with the powers that be. But these are off duty, and the heavy returns and slays them with a laugh, just to let them know he's still around and willing to play. Balfie lets the curtain fall on this, which is a good thing for the Hoof, because the Count and all the boys break into enraptured vocal symphony and look like mean business.

Well, I liked that first act plenty—as long as the orchestra was playing, for then someone was singing and the singing was good—all of it, and it deserved the raft of palm percussions it drew. But, please, my nerves! Some of the acting might have been worse; most of it was. But this didn't crab the bill, and the excellent orchestra, inspired by a very capable baton, sawed, hammered and blew away with most edifying regularity and few stops. Anyway, I'm told that the speaking bits of these operas are just ruses to allow the singers to rest their voices. Isn't that just too clever?

Act II, 12 years up, has a shot of

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The PIG'S EYE



This, dear children, is the story of Peter Panzi, the great announcer of station IPIC, who is heard each night in the Panzi Hour for Pure People with Particularly Peurile Pans.

When Peter was a little boy, oh so little, he was not like other boys. He did not fight or brawl or write naughty words on walls. Oh dear no! He loved all things gentle and kind and sweet, especially buttered sonnets with weak tea. His was a life set apart, his parents often remarked. He had a mission.

We must pass over the early years of his life, for they were quiet years, unbroken, or at least only slightly cracked. When he was sixteen he saw his first microphone and he burst into tears, the big sissy! He realized what his life's mission was to be.

At first he was not very successful. He simply announced grain prices and healthful hints to husky housewives. He felt that this was not art. Each night he practiced on his microphone, crooning into it, "This is Peter Panzi announcing over station IPIC. We will be on the air shortly with our cunning capers for the kiddies. Be happy everyone." Soon he could say it with a lisp, and he knew that his great work must start soon.

One day Mr. Quilp, his boss, took him aside and told him that he was to go on the air that very night with the Panzi Hour. How his heart beat. He was so excited he let the carnation which he always wore in his hair fall to the floor. He could not contain himself, so Mr. Quilp ordered two galvanized containers immediately.

From his first hour on the air he was a success. Panzi's Precepts, in sanitary wrappers untouched by human hand through the entire process of manufacture, sold like wildfire. He grew wealthy but not arrogant. As a simple tribute to the early days he had his pet microphone stuffed and put under glass. Each night he gives his little talks, and is oh, so happy. And so we will leave him with a characteristic Panzi sentence, "Good-bye, everybody. Don't forget to be glad!"

Efforts to nationalize Canada's radio are still going forward, we are happy to note. If only to kill for all time blurs like the foregoing it would be worth it. Lee de Forest has pointed out continuously for a year and more the danger that advertising is bringing to radio. With every possibility for educational advancement, the radio has turned into the most blatant medium of advertising known today. It is high time something was done about it.

—H. D. S.

MY ROOM

By M. A.

I like it. Perhaps to an interior decorator it may not be all that it should be. In fact, it has no definite style, nor do the furnishings belong to any fixed period—one could not even say it was "done in" a certain color. But, for a that, it's a cozy room.

To begin with, I have pictures—lovely ones, I think. A block etching of a sailing ship hangs to the right of my window, and two little maidens in dainty billowy skirts exchange "Confidences" on the other side. A water color of a scene in Rome, with bright flowers in the foreground and a creamy dome in the distance, hangs at the foot of my bed, and on the same wall is a woodland scene, showing a lake inlet. This is a favorite, for it reminds me of a lovely lake near Jasper, where I spent last summer. Then another ship—this time a pretty one in a golden sunset. And lastly, a beautiful little etching in colors of a cottage by the sea.

So merely by looking up from my interested perusal of Plutarch or Voltaire, I can instantly be millions of miles away, sailing on the sea in my ships, or back at the lake, or in Europe (which requires the most imagination, for I haven't been there).

Then my doors. I suppose you can't imagine why I should like my doors? Well, they're covered up—that's the reason. My doors have ever so many interesting things on them—photographs of various shapes, sizes, and people; several calendars, just wee ones—one showing sheep in the Highlands, another of a particularly appealing dog, and a third of a lady wearing a "Jade Shawl." Oh, and a "Stevenson" calendar with a sheet for each month and a quotation from Stevenson—always something to make you think a little, but never the goody-goody sort of platitude which makes you feel even more murderous than usual. Also I tacked my favorite Christmas cards on the doors—a beautiful little scene of Hawaiian sunset with two palm trees; a mounted "snap" of my beloved Alpine lake; two perfectly thrilling ships, sailing ones again of course; and last, but not least, a picture of a winding road with trees, a cottage, and a sunset—the sort of road that makes you want to walk on it. It's really the "Saskatchewan" glorified (and why the Saskatchewan couldn't be just as lovely, I don't know).

Now to come down to earth—but not quite. A pair of skis have been standing hopefully in the corner all winter and add materially to the decoration scheme—which is just as well, seeing they've been tricked out of a winter this year. The bed is not unusual, either in the cleanliness of its counterpane or in the neatness of its "making," but oh, it's a comfortable bed to slide into just three

BRAINS—MORE OR LESS

(Author's Note: Two charges have been made this year: that The Gateway has refused to print anything serious; and that, if it had, the students would not have read it. Since eggs are so cheap in Leduc, this is held to be a fallacy, and The Gateway is herewith printing a serious study of a rare article. It is specially requested that any student who does not read this masterpiece on the headpiece will write and give the Editor his reasons. All communications will be held strictly confidential. End of Author's note.)

Editor's Note: Any letters to the Editor must be short, compact, and to the point. We do not care to enter into correspondence about the situation in Russia or Vegreville, bigger and better babies, Bill Thompson's chances in Chicago, or why the petunia crop is so poor.)

(Proofreader's Note: Of all the *!!!!*??*!! (Allow ten minutes. —Ed.)

"Yes," said The Gateway Philosopher, as we sat back and settled our two-bit cigars (presented by the Students' Union), "it all works back to brains. Good brains, well-convoluted, given regular and systematic exercise, are capable of a good deal. I may say that they are capable of almost anything, for as yet we do not know to what extent the human brain may be developed. It is a great adventure trying to find out what your brain capacity is. But the tragedy of the life around us is that few people want to know to what extent their brains may be developed, since they must do the development work themselves. They seem to have a deep-seated fear that their brains are too fragile for week-day use, that they are too delicately constituted to stand the wear and tear of thinking. By thinking I mean hard thinking, not just thinking you'll go home because it is supper time.

Asterisk Poetry

"We can look around us at any time and see examples of such fear. Asterisk poems, unless written as "take-offs" on the free verse written out of sheer laziness by some moderns, are a deadly give away to the producer. He takes the line of least resistance—which in this case is straight down—and down he goes, Kerplunk!

The Beer Motif

"And editors of supposedly humorous columns who rave on about beer ad infinitum also show that they take the line of least resistance. They have a one-string mind, and that one string is strummed continuously. They seem to forget that there are other subjects of wit besides beer. Why not spring a good mother-in-law or hot dog story?

"Heap Big Squaw"

"Then there are people who say 'plenty punch,' 'plenty per cent,' 'plenty hot battle,' 'plenty tough,' 'plenty good care,' 'plenty tight,' all in two news write-ups in a single

issue of The Gateway. I am not Dr. Broadus II, but I feel that a little thinking would have supplied more colorful and exact words. It is the result of nothing but carelessness. The writer (I cannot believe there are two) has let the expression section of his brain become paralyzed so that it can only emit slang that is neither picturesque or expressive.

Not Alone

"I might go on and select more examples from among you. I have not exhausted the list. I doubt if there is anyone here who is getting more than fifty per cent. efficiency from his brain and I suspect that many are hailed as brilliant when they get ten per cent. It is not that you have not the brains. It is that you refuse to discipline them and so make yourselves their masters.

A Great American

"Woodrow Wilson, who was recently ranked with Washington and Lincoln by a member of the University staff, was remarkable for his brain. He was not widely read, his range of knowledge was very narrow, he was not erudite as many persons on this campus are, but, in spite of that, he was a creature of brains with an enormous and constant intellectual activity. He was always thinking, always feverishly, ingeniously designing and contriving new mental processes leading to new mental ends. Government was his field. Some have said he was a failure. True, he was a man of small tact and was unshakable in a belief when he had thought it through for himself. But, failure or not, he will be remembered for his ideas, his ideals, his loyalty to them and his sincerity in them.

Education and Thinking

"Many people are under the impression that education will make them think, that till they have been graduated they will not be in a position to do any real thinking. It is a wholly false belief. No amount of education will make a man think; no lack of education can keep a man from thinking if he wills to think. I am reminded that Herbert Spencer was not even superficially acquainted with the works of his contemporaries on sociology when he gave to the world his great work. He thought, and out of the mysterious chambers of his brain he brought an idea far in advance of anything that had been enunciated before. Irving Berlin knows nothing of sheet music and must dictate his compositions. He can play only in the key of C and has to have a freak piano so equipped that when he wants to transpose a composition he can do it by pulling a lever and shifting the entire keyboard. Yet the same Irving Berlin has set the feet of the world a-tapping. There are many more examples of uneducated men who used their brains. Education will give a broader field on which to base conclusions, but the only way to develop brain power is to think.

Ideas Not Men

"Woodrow Wilson said: 'It is not men that interest or disturb me primarily, it is ideas. Ideas live; men die.' Wilson may have spoken a platitude. Nevertheless his words are worthy of serious thought. A new idea is a contribution to the progress of the world; if good, it is nothing less than the discovery of another part of the body of broken and scattered Truth.

"I have spoken to you, my friends, but not to you particularly. The Gateway office is not the only place

where one can find specimens of perfectly ossified brains. The University is filled to repletion with them. I would say to their owners that the purpose of the University is to teach a man to think for himself; not as some would have us believe, a place whose purpose is to crowd the house with useless lumber."

SMALL CHANGE.

THE CHINOOK ARCH

Cold blows the wind and round about
The dead trees shake and bend,
And bow their heads with painful
groans—
Will winter never end?

But in the west clear grows the sky,
Perhaps the end has come
To all this bitter freezing cold
That does our hearts numb.

That tiny speck of cheerful blue
Spreads right across the west,
A perfect arch across the sky,
From the sides up to the crest.

Perhaps this arch so clear and blue,
Contrasting with the grey
Of all the clouds around about,
Stands for a better day.

Perhaps these hard and workless
times,
When poverty abounds,
Are like the cold and bitter winds,
With dismal dreary sounds.

The arch across the zenith stretches,
A sign of coming bliss—
Of happy days and plenteous ones,
Touched by prosperity's kiss.

Let us look out into the west
And view that arch so fair!
Let's look for happy, prosperous
days!

Seek, and we'll see them there!
—B. E. F.

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VARSITY GLEE CLUB SCORES SUCCESS IN "BOHEMIAN GIRL"

(Continued from Page 1)

cent. atmosphere from the moment she appeared on the stage to the moment she left it. This was, indeed, a beautiful and perfected performance; never for a moment were we permitted to forget the dynamic personality of the Queen were she alone or were she surrounded by myriads of fractious underlings. Next, we were charmed by the appearance of "Arlene," the central figure of the drama. Her voice was ethereally beautiful when she was singing to us, but her speaking voice lacked variety in inflection and tone. The duet between "Arlene" and "Thaddeus" (whose cloak, by the way, put us in mind more of an Egyptian donkey boy's "gibbeah" than anything else), was most touching, though this epithet could not be applied to the sudden arrival on the scene of an usher bearing a bouquet for the principal lady. The highest praise should also be accorded to Gordon Sprague for some amazing comedy acting during this scene, and we think far too highly of the Queen's last song to attempt to commend it in mere words.

The second scene of this act was excellent, unavoidable lack of space accounting for any weaknesses that may have shown up. It was necessary to consult the program in order to discover exactly what this scene was intended to represent, but this, after all, was a matter of little import.

The quartet in the third scene was a wonderful piece of singing and was followed up by other very good fragments coupled by steady acting and comparatively easy business. The number between the Queen, "Devilshoof," "Arlene" and "Thaddeus" was one of the most charming excerpts from the entire program.

The best chorus occurred in the next scene. It was singularly unfortunate that the stage space had to be diminished even more at this juncture. Mr. George Conquest as "Count Arnheim" came into his own in this scene, and thereafter was very convincing. His song before the portrait of the lost "Arlene" came right over, and he could not have been more successful in the combination of voice and movement with which he created the atmosphere of pathos which must have penetrated to the utmost corners of the auditorium. We were totally unable to hear Mr. Thorpe's words either in this act or in the first, when his sentences were shot out of him in spasms that were more than military in their convulsiveness.

Act III was, perhaps, the most successful act of all. Mr. Sprague yet again put across some marvellous comedy. He accomplished all that could possibly be desired of him with singularly few properties and only eight little words to aid him. He employed a minimum of movement and maintained a maximum of atmosphere for a not inconsiderable period of time. "Thaddeus" gave us his best song in this act and "Arlene" was as charming as ever. In addition, we were treated to a very pretty trio, and the Count and the Queen were superb. The grouping during the final uniting of "Arlene" and "Thaddeus" by the Count might have been improved upon, as the Count's face was constantly in the shadow. This and the death of the

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Warden—No gnus yet.—Illinois Siren.

"Is that a Jersey cow over there?"
"Couldn't tell you, I wasn't able to see its license."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

George is the kind of fellow who changes the needle on the fraternity house victrola.—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

And there once was a Scotch student who released a captive balloon at the homecoming game.—Minnesota Ski U. Mah.

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SUPERIORS PLAY TIE WITH MINERS

Stuart and Crossland Star for
Supps in 1-1 Deadlock

Most of us will be glad to note that the Superiors, conquerors of Varsity in the City Senior League, held the Drumheller Miners to a 1-1 tie at Drumheller Wednesday night. The ice was good, and the citizens of Drumheller witnessed some plenty fast hockey.

The Superiors took the lead 15 minutes from the start, when Crossland fooled the whole Miner outfit, including the goalkeeper. Soon after this Jack Bentley put the Miners even with the Supps on a neat shot. Twice before the end of the period Crossland came close to scoring, but he was denied by Boyes. The first period had a decided Superior tinge to it, but the Miners came back strong in the second. Only good work by Graham and Stuart held them off. Drumheller pressed hard in the third canto, when Jimmy Graham was off, but Stuart came through again. Shortly, the Miners had two men off, and the Supps, taking advantage of the weakened Miners, rained shots on Boyes. No further scoring resulted, however, and the game ended in a deadlock.

Stuart and Crossland starred for the Supps, and the two Bentleys and Duke Wainman did the bulk of the work for the Miners. The return game is to be played Friday night at the Arena, with total goals of the two games to count. It will be a great game.

Queen were the only pieces of "business" in this scene that could possibly be criticized. The Queen, for some abstruse reason, was obviously shot in the left leg, and it surprised us greatly to see her succumb so rapidly to the effects of such an injury. We noticed that she clutched her heart in her last agony, and concluded that this gesture came more naturally than the ludicrous contortion she would have been compelled to go through had she attempted to touch her wound. All this ambiguity could have been avoided had "Devilshoof" pulled the assassin's arm towards him in the natural way instead of pushing it down.

To the Queen among the ladies and "Devilshoof" and "Florestein" among the men do we, then, accord the honors of the evening. The singing in every case was excellent, but these three gave us a wonderful all round performance throughout the show. The chorus work was great, and Mr. L. H. Nichols cannot be too warmly congratulated on the results of his untiring labors. The stage direction, except in the cases mentioned, was fine, and the music from beginning to end could not have been better. Mr. R. H. Lee did wonders with lights and Mr. Lambert accomplished more marvels in rapid scene changing and some pleasing sets. The staff work was organized on very business-like lines and deserves the highest praise. Mr. R. Moon and Miss M. Simpson dressed the characters beautifully, but the make-up might have been considerably improved. In all cases it seemed as if this had been too abundantly administered, and in some cases incorrectly. The lapse of twelve years between the first and second acts was not sufficiently evident in the appearance of the principals. Why did not the Count wear a wig instead of the sparse halo of powder which so detracted from his otherwise becomingly aristocratic appearance?

In conclusion, we would like to raise the question which was mooted two years ago in an editorial in The Gateway. Cannot these operative offerings be confined to the exposition of talent from the Varsity? Wholeheartedly, we appreciate the assistance which has been accorded so unsparingly by some who are not now intimately connected with University life. Further, we realize that such a performance as was given Friday night would be impossible without such assistance, but, to put the matter very shortly, couldn't we have a little more "Varsity," even though it be to the possible exclusion of a little "opera," in our "Varsity Opera"?

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The Mathematics Club will hold its last meeting on Tuesday, March 10, in Arts 239, at 4:30. Dr. Gowan will speak on "An Example of Successive Approximations." Tea will be served at 4:30.

Visitor—Have you gotten any reports about your gnus that escaped last week?
Warden—No gnus yet.—Illinois Siren.

"Is that a Jersey cow over there?"
"Couldn't tell you, I wasn't able to see its license."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

George is the kind of fellow who changes the needle on the fraternity house victrola.—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

And there once was a Scotch student who released a captive balloon at the homecoming game.—Minnesota Ski U. Mah.

Editor, The Gateway.

Through your columns we wish to express our keen appreciation of the loyal support and encouragement given the Senior Hockey team by the students this season.

Especially do we wish to mention the demonstration at the end of the final game of the play-off series. A winning team expects the laurel wreath and the waving of banners. We left the ice a decisively beaten squad. To be so treated gave us a true expression of the loyalty of our fans, and to no small degrees lessened the sting of defeat. We are only sorry that we were unable to win for such enthusiastic rooters.

Also we wish to mention with gratitude the fine work of the Rally Committee. These boys were solely responsible for the large turnout at the last game. There they led as fine cheering as any Varsity team was ever given. Thank you.

THE TEAM,
THE COACH,
THE EXECUTIVE.

Per BILL MEADOWS, Manager.

VARSITY BEATS CALGARY WILDCATS ON SATURDAY

(Continued from Page 3)

the toenails of Allah! Pilling fouls; Jim McBeith shoots, wonderful score, nice try Jimmy. Al to Buzz; Buzz missed—heck. Buzz is worrying about summer (June, etc.). Mert fouls; Hagen scores free throw. Buzz to Al to Mert, no score. Pilling to Sheane, great try, ball bounces out. Dicks shoots long, misses. Y are tired out. Olsen out, Imrie on. Imrie to Dick, shot is long. Varsity comes back. Imrie fouls Buzz, the bouncer; Buzz misses. Bill shoots; Pullishy shoots—pretty tough, Bills. Play is now hard; they are passing and guarding well. Al and Buzz doing great work. McBeith tries nice shot, missed. Dick shoots, misses. Hagen shoots, misses—oh, boy, that's lucky. Mert to Pullishy, missed—heck's trumpet. Pullishy to Shandro; Bill misses. Dick shoots, misses. Hagen ing the team. Pullishy fouls Dick; Dick scores. Bill to Mert, score. Bill P. makes heroic effort, missed. Oh, let's go, fellows. Pullishy to Keel; Mert scores. Game is speeding up. Y's defence is good. Varsity forwards working well. Hagen fouled Al; Al missed. Bill S. makes wonderful basket. Addie back on—let's go! Y hard pressed. Dick shoots wild. Olsen to Imrie, no score. Gordon to Addie, score. Varsity stalls. Buzz to Keel, Keel to Buzz—looks like two old men at checkers. Y gets ball—good stuff, Y peps up. Dick shoots. Donaldson scores. Emmerson Borgal on. Ladies in gallery give their eyes a feast on the other pride of the Borgals. Keel fouls. McBeith tries difficult shot, missed. Buzz to Addie, just a trifle wide. Imrie to Borgal; Borgal loops from centre—great shot. Imrie to Dick, intercepted. Addie scores—good old Addie, playing a whale of a game. Fenerty tries; tough luck, Buzz. Play is exceedingly fast. Y tries desperately to cut the lead and is doing well. Al to Mert, steps—one step at a time, Mert! Imrie to Borgal, out. Hagen shoots, wide. Keel to Pullishy to Shandro to Bill to Bill; Bill scores—who? Bill Shandro of course. Imrie to Dick to Hagen, great work; they scored. Play is furious. Olsen shoots—wham! Time again!

Varsity 35, Wildcats 23.
Everyone troops down the stairs—some home, some to the grid, some to sit and neck, and others to—neck and sit.

Game's over, folks. Don't forget Buttercup Allen's dedication.

Lineups:
Wildcats: Hagen (7), Imrie (2), Borgal (4), Pilling (2), Olsen (3), Shipbottom, Jimmy McBeith (2), A. Dick, E. Dick (2); W. Robertson, Sheane (1)—23.

Varsity: M. Keel (11), Donaldson (8), Pullishy, G. Keel (12), Shandro (2), Carscallen, Killick, Fenerty (2)—35.

Of Belief in Immortality (Dahousie Gazette)

On this earth there are many men and women of different dispositions or characters. There are some strong characters, some disproportionately strong; there are others of weak characters, some disproportionately weak; the others vacillate between the two; there is no golden mean.

All people from their own individual experience know the things and thoughts which either comfort them or sicken them. They know the thoughts and things which will come nearest to making their stay on this earth pleasant or unpleasant; they know that which brings them, in fact, in action, in life, nearest to that which is commonly known as happiness.

Habits are acquired; that is, habits can be acquired. We should acquire the habits which we know from concrete experience will give us pleasure. These habits are acquired not by will power, but by thinking. Thinking is an art which we can all acquire. To acquire it needs only common sense; we all possess common sense; therefore we can all acquire those habits which will bring in the most pleasure. By pleasure I mean acquisition, but not necessarily of material things. Those things which are needed to bring harmony to our minds are the things which we need for pleasure.

Some people who are weak know that they are comforted by the thought of an after life; this belief makes their stay here on the earth much more happier than it would otherwise be. Those people should acquire the habit of belief in immortality.

There are people of a rather strong nature who find themselves tortured by conflicting doubts. They want logical proof of immortality and they cannot find it. They do not have a transcendent belief in after life. Those people should study philosophy and literature. If their natures are strong enough they will realize that even if there is no logical proof of immortality, even if they have no

University of Alberta,
March 4, 1931.

TORONTO "VARSITY" IN HOT WATER AGAIN

(Continued from Page 1)

nies the existence of God'. . . A practical atheist is one who, to all intents and purposes in his daily living and attitude toward the concept of God, denies the existence of a Deity.

In the issue of February 27, "The Varsity" quotes "that illustrious Puritan, John Milton," in his "Second Defence of the People of England":

"If you permit the free discussion of truth without any hazard to the author, or any subjection to the caprice of an individual, which is the best way to make truth flourish and knowledge abound, the censure of the half-learned, the envy, the pusillanimity, or the prejudice which measures the discoveries of others, and in short every degree of wisdom, by the measure of its own capacity, will be prevented from doling out information to us according to their own arbitrary choice. Lastly, if you shall not dread to hear any truth, or any falsehood, whatever it may be, but if you shall least of all listen to those who think that they can never be free till the liberties of others depend on their caprice, and who attempt nothing with so much zeal and vehemence as to fetter, not only the bodies but the minds of men, who labor to introduce into the state the worst of all tyrannies, the tyranny of their own depraved habits and pernicious opinions; you will always be dear to those who think not merely that their own sect or faction, but that all citizens of all descriptions, should enjoy equal rights and equal laws."

Professor and First Sight Love
(McGill Daily)

What Professor Arthur J. Todd thinks about co-eds falling in love at first sight might be summed up approximately in one word—bah—with an exclamation point back of it.

Professor Todd, who is the head of the sociology department at Northwestern University, gave co-eds some of his views during a lecture on romance and marriage. They should not marry, he said, until they have been out of college several years and then they should march up to the altar much like the old-fashioned girls of the nineties with young men who have been courting them for a long time.

FANNIE'S HUSBAND

Or
THE VARIED LIFE

(A Short Play in Seven Acts)

Place: A kitchen in a modern house, where Fanny is seen cooking dinner.

Characters: Fannie (constant); Fannie's Husband (variable).

Act I (March, 1925)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the newspaper man).

Fannie's Husband: Thermometer Takes Sudden Drop; Car Skids on First Street; Three Children Escape from Wreck. (Looking around) Woman Discovers Great Cooking Secret; Use for Onions Now Revealed; Famous Old Dish is Revived in the Home of—

(Curtain)

Act II (March, 1926)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the Professor).

Fannie's Husband: Well, dear, I see you are finding a practical use for this bulb of the family Liliaceae; I don't know whether I would boil it, though, if I were you, for boiling destroys the acrid volatile oil to which the onion owes its strong odor. Of course, if you dislike the odor, perhaps boiling is the best—

(Curtain)

Act III (March, 1927)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the poet).

Fannie's Husband: Sweet is the return to the hearth at the end of a weary day; sweet is the odor of onions—Oh, dash it, that won't do; pungent as the flavor of the herb—better, but I like the word "odor." Pungent as is the odor—no, too choppy—

(Curtain)

Act IV (March, 1928)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the insurance agent).

Fannie's Husband: Oh, hello dear! Say, I have the nicest little policy all lined up for you. Just wait till you see it! All you have to do is save five dollars a month out of your house-money and at the end of—

(Curtain)

Act V (March, 1929)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the philosopher).

Fannie's Husband: Do you know whom I met this morning, Fanny? An old friend of ours—his name is Jack—Jack—Jack Somebody or Other. You know him well too. I wish I could think of his last name—he asked about you. I wish I could remember—oh, I know, he is your brother—you remember him, don't you? His last name must be—ah, let's see—

(Curtain)

Act VI (March, 1930)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the philosopher).

Fannie's Husband: By the way, dear, I found my tie after all; do you know where it was? I used it last week to tie up a bundle of exam papers that were lying around. Now if I could only find my shoe laces—

Fannie (bursting into tears): Oh, dear, I can't stand it. This is the first spring that I have had the same husband!

Fannie's Husband: The same husband? I don't understand. Fannie, what do you mean?

Fannie: Oh, you know, if you only think back a bit, that I've always got a divorce every summer. I would have got one last summer, too, only you were so busy writing that book that I hated to disturb you. But this is too-oo m-monotonous—I can't stand it! (She rushes from the room, sobbing bitterly.)

(Curtain)

Act VII (March, 1931)

Enter Fannie's Husband (the advertising man).

Fannie's Husband: I'll tell you what to do, Fannie, spread that meat out over the plate so that it will look like more, and bring those onions a bit more to the front of the dish. You know, you can't persuade the consumer to want your goods unless you can make him think that he is getting more than his money's worth. Not only his full money's worth, you understand, but more—that is the whole point of successful advertising—

(Curtain)

metaphysical belief in God, that discounting all these conflicting factors, there is a joy, a happiness to be found in the ever present moment; a joy that conciliates logic and metaphysics, action and aesthetics. This joy can be had only after much study and suffering, but once attained, it is a joy which overruns every other joy to be found on this earth, it is a pleasure of a different degree from all others.

The man who is of a character neither exceptionally strong or weak will not find time to worry over immortality. He is content with his religion, and as his religion teaches, so doth he believe. His happiness is to be found in much action of which the corresponding thought does not lag, but is simultaneous with the action.

C.O.T.C. CHURCH PARADE

The annual Church Parade of the C.O.T.C. will be held on Sunday, March 7th, at 11 a.m. in Convocat Hall. Dr. Wallace will be the speaker.

NOTICE

Discussion of International Student affairs will be led by Dr. Kotschnig at the home of Prof. and Mrs. R. W. Collins, 11050 85th Ave., 8 p.m., tonight, Thursday, March 5, under the auspices of the International Relations Club. This will be an opportunity for all interested students to become acquainted with the club and with Dr. Kotschnig.

SPRING PLAY

Tickets will be on sale in the basement of the Arts building, Monday, March 9th, at 9:30.

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